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ARRIVAL OF THE POLITICAL COLUMBINE TO JOIN THE POLITICAL CLOWN.

PUCK.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARTZMANN.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We go forth not merely to gain partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

If Mr. James G. Blaine knew whom and what he is fighting, he would probably be very glad to withdraw from the contest. He believes, no doubt, that he has to do battle only with the Democratic Party and its Independent Republican allies. He thinks that the object of the combat is the possession of the Presidency of the United States. No man ever made a greater mistake. The suppression of Mr. Blaine is but an incident in the plan of the campaign which began last June, and which will be brought to a successful ending sooner or later, as surely as the sun rises and sets; as surely as truth is true.

The over-confident fatuity of the Republican leaders keeps them blind to the fact that they are now face to face with a Revolution. They know, indeed, that there is a revolt within the party lines against a personally objectionable candidate. Further than this they can not, or will not, see. Theirs is the history of all overfed powers. When the people of Paris came down to Versailles and shouted for bread, under the King's windows, Louis XVI. doubtless understood that they wanted bread, and the only question to him was whether they should get it or not. When, a few years later, he stood on the scaffold one winter morning, the idea had probably made its way into his dull head that the people had all along wanted something more than mere bread. They had wanted, he saw, justice, the right of self-government, personal freedom, and, more than any one thing, the recognition of a principle—the principle of Equality.

When certain men arose in this country and said that slaves should not be held in the newly-made States, the politicians of the day discussed the question as it was given to them, and when they made up their minds to side with the slave-holders, they thought the question was settled. When the Free-Soil agitation took the phase of lawless violence, they thought only of putting it down. When John Brown gave the signal for an uprising of the negroes, they saw before them only the immediate duty of capturing and killing John Brown. But after four years of a cruel and unnatural war they grasped the truth that the Free-Soilers and John Brown had been but factors in the great scheme of Emancipation, and that the killing of such men in droves would not have quelled the spirit that made for the establishment of true liberty in America.

To-day, Mr. Blaine does not understand that he is enlisted on the wrong side in a war which next November's election can not possibly end. The system of political laxity and corruption, which he and men like him have fastened on the country, is to him what the system of slaveholding was to the "Southern sympathizers" of a generation gone. Their formulas would fit the defense he has to make. The system has evils, which are to be deplored; but, after all, it is the only practicable system. Criticism which condemns it is hypocritical. It is chimerical to look for a higher standard of morals in public affairs. Human nature is selfish, and absolute honesty is a beautifully ideal impracticability. Experience outvalues theory. Radical change would only open the way to other troubles of different kinds. We exist, we are prosperous, under the present order of things. Why should we risk a change?

Such sophistries as these are like straws in the path of a whirlwind. This is the idle chatter that was drowned in the roar of the French Revolution. These are the stale formulas that were abandoned for ever before our civil war was closed. The voice of self-interest and policy is loud before the storm; but it is silent when the storm breaks. This wind has been long rising; but now it has risen, and it will not fall until it has done its work, whether that work be done next year, or the year after, or ten years hence.

The revolution that has begun, the revolution that will turn our world over into the sunlight of honest government, is not a struggle of blood. It will know neither guillotine nor rifles. It is a revolution of thought and feeling. For the most part unorganized as yet, the honest and thoughtful men of this country are gathering around one standard for a common purpose. In one sense the nomination of Mr. Blaine has been a blessing to the country. Now that the very standard-bearer of corruption is put up for President of the United States, we have something concrete and tangible to fight against. The issue is put squarely before us, and we may sift our friends from our enemies, and know whom to trust in the coming struggle. We have

no longer to seek an unacknowledged enemy in the dark. We may now divide the people of the country into two camps—on the one side the men who are willing that we should have a corrupt government; on the other the men who are determined that we shall not.

And now the sifting is going on; and day by day the soberer men are stepping out of the ranks of the thieves and the hypocrites, and the feather-brained shouters for "magnetism" and "smartness" and "aggressiveness." Day by day, in spite of all the din and turmoil, clear heads begin to think more clearly, and to see the real nature and proportions of the contest. And every clear head is a gain to the cause of right. The corruptionists strive still to confuse the issues involved; they make desperate struggles to prove—not their rectitude, but their supremacy. Vermont is with us, they cry: Maine is with us. And they raise a louder noise, trying to check that terrible process of thinking which is going on so steadily. But the process will not be checked; and thought makes clear to men the disgrace that must come on a country which would set over itself a corrupt ruler who glories in his own corruption, who sees beauty in all the meanness and dishonor that stain him in the eyes of honest men; who parades his callous baseness before the people and puts a fine name upon it.

"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil!"

ALL DAY long in the apple-tree
 A robin sweetly sings;
 And from the lowest branches
 All day a hammock swings.
 And all day long in the hammock
 A fair young maiden lies.
 I watch her as the zephyr
 Among her ringlets sighs.
 A fan with Chinese pictures
 Lies by her jeweled hand;
 She seems like some peerless beauty
 Asleep in fairy-land.
 I'd like to be the zephyr
 That through her ringlets steals,
 Right over there in the hammock,
 Where she's reading PUCK ON WHEELS.—25c.

THE ANTI-"GANG-RULE" LIFE-PRESERVERS.

WE NEED THEM MORE THAN THE CORK JACKETS UPON OUR EXCURSION-BOATS.

TO A TREASURE OF THE TURF, AT THE
END OF THE SEASON.

O my own Aranza, betting on the races,
Queen of every jockey's heart, and mistress of the turf,
What would Monmouth Park be, without your gladsome
graces?

What the rival course anear the Coney Island surf?

Fortune-favored fairy, always sure of gaining,
Does a little birdlet bring you all your tips?
Do your chosen horses scorn their jockeys' reining?
Knowing you have backed them, discount spurs and
whips?

Glory of the grand-stand, goddess of the stables,
Whisper to me softly through your lips up-pursed—
What's the most mysterious secret that enables
You to pick the horse out sure to come in first?

Tell me, my Aranza—I, too, I'm a winner,
And I'll bet you something you would never guess—
Bet a diamond ring, dear, and a champagne dinner—
That to one small question you will answer "Yes."

LORILLARD DWYER.

REMARKS BY ME.

Polyphrastus, my beloved young friend, you have lingered late in the country this year; you are lingering still, and you are in imminent danger, O youth dear to my elderly gizzard.

No, it is not pneumonia that I fear for you, caught in the chill morning mist, for all that you ever see of the morning mist could wander around within the periphery of a freckle and get lost there, if you rise no earlier than you used to in the city. Nor is it sunstroke in the glowing noontide; because the glowing noontide probably finds you in a hammock, under the thickest tree that grows in the neighborhood. Nor is it poison ivy that will make a chromo high-relief of you. Nor yet shall the malarious chills and fever rattle you, for have I not taught you the alcoholic preventive thereof and antidote thereto?

Nay, Polyphrastus, the imminent danger that hangs over you—that is hanging over you now, as you lie in the hammock—the imminent danger bangs her hair—to a reasonable extent, I have no doubt—don't get mad about it—and wears a blue-flannel tennis-dress, and a jacket a good deal like yours, and her voice is as the cooing of doves, even as the voice of the turtle, and the freckles on her cheeks are as stars of gold in a sunset of strawberry.

Oh, you think you are all right, do you? You have been there before, eh? You don't want to be told how to bring a small flirtation to a natural death? You've been campaigning the whole Summer with that girl, and you think you know where you are?

Polyphrastus, you are blind and brash. There lies not so much danger in the first eight weeks of the Summer vacation of solid flirting as may be crowded into the ninth. It is the last week that is fatal. It fetches.

You see, you two will go up to the top of the

hill, and you will stretch yourselves out on the warm brown grass, and you will look over the changing landscape; and you will point out the place where the picnic was, and the bend in the white road where the horse shied, and she was so frightened, in that twenty-mile drive, and she will say that she knows it was awfully foolish of her; and you will exchange confidences about the departed comrades of the Summer, and you will take the occasion to clear up that little misunderstanding about your attentions to Miss Chalybeate, of Boston; and then you will find out what her real opinion is of that cad from Keokuk who pestered her so in August, and you will entirely agree on the superiority of the beautiful, simple, unconventional life of the country to the frigid and heartless formality of social intercourse in the city; and you will find out what a real, genuine, unspoiled nature hers is, when you really get to know it; and finally, without quite thinking why, you will be emboldened to take that little poem out of your breast-pocket and read it to her—and that's a bad break, Polyphrastus, that's a bad break—and when it's done, she won't praise it; she will only look at you in a way that will make you feel that you two are the only two in the world who really understand that poem; which is very likely, Polyphrastus, very likely; and then there will be a short silence, and you will pluck at the grass-blades, and look down at the ground, for you will know, somehow, that her eyes are filling with tears, and it will make you feel queer yourself—a little short in the breath and wild in the head—and your heart will pump all your blood into your face, and you will set your teeth hard. And at last she will get up and say, a little unsteadily, and so low that you will rather understand it than hear it: "Well, we must go." And then you will rise, with the dry grass sticking to your knees, and you will face around and look at her, and you will feel for the moment as though you were nothing but eyes, and she will turn half away and put up her hands with a little frightened, instinctive, appealing gesture that says: "Spare me!" and—and—you will—why, bless my soul, boy, it's *you* who are going to take her hands! Dear me, dear me, I have run on so that I have forgotten myself, or remembered somebody else, or something.

Queer thing, that last week in the country!
Me.

FACTS NOT FROM THE CHINESE—It is easier to get your landlord to put the range in order and paper the house throughout than it is to umpire a game of ball.

Wind is a good thing for a wind-mill or a ship, but it won't elect a candidate with a crooked record.

Fortune is like a collar-button: when it flies from you, you have to get on your hands and knees and work hard to get it back.

There is no fight in a grayhound; that is why he is so swift.

We are all like alarm-clocks—wound up to make a noise sooner or later.

THE LONDON *Standard* remarks that the outlook for American petroleum is unpromising. The American servant-girl will, notwithstanding, continue to use it for starting the fire, as a means of climbing up the golden stair.

A YOUNG LADY has recently eloped with a coachman. She probably thought this was cheaper than hiring a hack. She had been in a convent, and knew nothing of the existence of twenty-five-cents-a-mile yellow cabs.

A RIDING HABIT—To Get Out at Every Tavern for Lemonade.

Puckerings.



STANDS for Monday,
The day the boys hate;
For then they move school-ward
With speller and slate.

They move to the school-house
So greatly abhorred,
And see the old teacher
Beside the blackboard.

"Vacation is over!"
Each vagabond cries,
And sadly the spit-ball
Across the room flies.

The pedagogue dodges
The grim missiles all,
Including the plaster
Pulled down from the wall.

He's met, through those urchins,
With many a mishap;
He views his chair-cushion
As a fox does a trap.

And thinking about them—
His troubles—he frets:
This man in the school-house
Earns all that he gets.

He dreams of vacation
And all its sweet joys,
And feels, now it's over,
More sad than the boys.

THE *Tribune* likens Blaine to St. Paul. We think he's more like Joshua, because he caused the *Sun* to stand still.

IT WAS only last week that a dear young girl was expelled from Vassar College for refusing to spell the name of a departed Egyptian ruler Ptolemie.

A THING OF beauty may be a joy for ever. But no man thinks so when he sees his wife fish the picture of a beautiful actress out of his inside pocket.

It is said that it is difficult to obtain a drink of water in Europe. This may be so; but it's nothing to the tribulations experienced in getting a glass of whiskey in a Connecticut village during church-time.

MUD DOES a politician good; it tends to alleviate the pain of journalistic hornet-stings. Therefore, Mr. Blaine should be thrown into a good soft swamp, with a couple of grind-stones around his neck.

PATTI SEEMS determined to have her divorce, and won't warble in Paris until she gets it. Patti is not as smart as she seems. Why bother about Paris? Chicago would settle the business for her in two minutes.

No, ELFRIDA, we have too high a regard for you, both as a poetess and a refined young lady, to print your verses on a damsel who, having become smitten with a young journalist, alluded to him as her *papier maché*.

A YOUNG LADY just out of Vassar was walking along an up-town street, and saw a sign in a shop reading: "Carpets laid." Having glanced at it a moment to make sure, she stepped inside and asked to see the hens. At least, we are so informed by a correspondent.

THE NORFOLK JACKET.

The young man who is just out of college, with athletic degrees fresh in his memory, and his great hawser-like muscles lying in idleness, often has an idea that he would like to display his great prowess as an all-round athlete in such a way as to impress it on the public and have his vanity tickled.

He would like nothing better than to row down Broadway in a racing-shell or on a bicycle, and be gazed at by every one as a sort of latter-day Hercules. It makes him sad to think that all his marvelous strength is unknown off the campus, and outside of the college in which he acquired it by four years of hard study.

The only thing for him to do is to walk up Broadway on a run. In other words, let him be the physical opposite of the messenger-boy, who runs on a walk. After he has walked over a dozen people or so, he will have attracted a great deal of attention and become the cynosure of all eyes, (Milton,) in a way that will be anything but complimentary to him as a reputable member of society.

If he wants to show his ability as a boxer, he is obliged to pick a fight. No one will come up and offer to be rudely knocked around and bruised and wiped over the side-walk, just to show the public what a great man he is with his hands.

Then, if he assaults any one, he becomes amenable to the law. And what profiteth a man that he clean the side-walk up with his neighbor, if he lose his own liberty and languish for three or six several months on Blackwell's Isle?

Therefore, he must in some way manage to move around quietly and unostentatiously, and yet do his moving in such a manner as to cause the casual observer to insult him, and give him the desired opportunity to sail in and do him up in short order.

Therefore, dearly beloved, he must lay down a ten-dollar note and purchase a Norfolk jacket—one of these outlandish things that are pleated up the back, and have a belt on, and make a man look as though he has been rusticated in the Alps.

And when he has donned this garment and traveled a few blocks, some one will sarcastically say to a companion:

"Get on to it."

Another will say:

"Take it in."

Another of a more inquisitive turn will venture to remark:

"Where did he get it?"

Another of a more authoritative turn will shriek after he has passed:

"Take it off!"

Another with a war-like nature will say:

"Shoot it!"

And another will look at him with a sarcasm that is at once blighting and withering, and not utter a word.

This is the proper man to attack if one can only prove at the trial that one was properly provoked to give him such a hammering. Because, after all, he is the worst. The others may have been envious, being unable to get Norfolk jackets themselves. And their remarks may have been intended only for chaff and guy.

But the man who says nothing, but gives you a sinister sneer, one should never doubt. He is the proper man to fell instantly, if one happens to be on the fell.

In other words, if you want to gain recognition of any kind, wear a Norfolk jacket. Ben Butler's cock-eye and his chameleon character, and his general reputation for running for anything from the Governorship to his life, wouldn't make him the observed of all observers so quickly as would a Norfolk jacket.

It is believed by many philosophers that Blaine's record for the past twenty years put on a Norfolk jacket last June, and that is how it came to be noticed to such an extent that it gave the old man away.

Therefore, if you would be conspicuous, purchase a Norfolk jacket.

THE POLITICAL CANDIDATE is now hard at work studying up the mysteries of agriculture, that he may know how to make himself solid with the farmers at the county fairs which will shortly be in full blast.

DYING WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

All great men have dying words. It wouldn't be worth their while to die if they couldn't hand down some last words for future generations to quote. Otherwise, they had better live and save the funeral expenses. And dying words should not be left till the last moment. They should be prepared before the event, like impromptu speeches for other occasions, so that they may appear a little more polished than they would if they were hewed out on short notice, while the undertaker was standing behind the door with a tape-measure under his coat, wondering whether it would be mahogany or rosewood.

This being the case, and since the minds of great men are much occupied with other matters, particularly in the present heated political canvass, I have written a few dying remarks for some of our leading minds who may be called on to die at some time when they have no dying remarks of their own about them. They have the permission of PUCK, as well as of the writer, to use them. They are as follows:

JAMES G. BLAINE.—"My dear Fisher, I do not want to be a dead-head; I see many ways in which I can still be useful."

JOHN A. LOGAN.—"I haven't done nothing bad but what I ain't sorry for it."

J. P. ST. JOHN.—"I never owned a pocket-corkscrew."

B. F. BUTLER.—"They have voted me down again."

C. A. DANA.—"Pass the crow, please."

U. S. GRANT.—"Death is horrible; but it don't cost a cent."

R. B. HAYES.—"At last I am counted out; who will care for Lucy's chickens now?"

BOB INGERSOLL.—"I have not changed my belief, but I think I had better take a palm-leaf fan."

JAY GOULD.—"I am short on life; give my old suspenders to the poor."

FERDINAND WARD.—"I fought with Grant."

PRESIDENT WARNER.—"Did I leave a nickel in the safe? No? Then I die happy."

SECRETARY CHANDLER.—"Take a reef in the binnacle; shake out the tiller about two knots, and hold the foretop jib-boom hard aport; I think I see a schooner." SCOTT WAY.

AFTER ELECTION.



GRANGER.—"Wall, if that air picter don't scare away the crows, I dunno what will!"

"WHERE SHALL I hang this tennis-racket?" asked Cynthia.

"Out in the kitchen, beside the poker," replied Raoul.

"I thought it would be nice in the library, to look at," she said.

"So it would; but it would be nicer in the kitchen, to sift ashes on."

"To sift ashes on?" she gasped, as she sank into the nearest chair.

"Certainly, to sift ashes with; or, if you don't want to use it for that, it would be good to lift vegetables out of a pot of boiling water with; or—"

But she had fled, and was out on the porch calling him a real mean old thing.

MOHAMMED SAYS: "Woe unto them who give scant measure and exact full measure from others." This may all be true; but the Coney Island bar-tender can yank you a spoonful of beer and a mug of foam, and palm it off on you for a glass of beer, and never allow his feelings to mar his professional smile, Mohammed or no Mohammed.

A HORSE-CAR CONDUCTOR recently engaged in a prize-fight out West, and won after a desperate struggle of an hour and a half. His opponent secured first blood, but the knight of the punch got all the knock-downs.

SKETCHES CAUGHT ON THE FLY.



IN THE MORNING.



AT NOON.



AT NIGHT.



DURING BUSINESS HOURS.



AT CHURCH.



AT LEISURE.

ÆSOP REVISED.

THE NOSE AND THE MOUSTACHE.

A Weak and Struggling Moustache was up-braided by the Nose that gave it Shelter in the following Terms:

"What a miserable Affair you are, anyhow! You have neither strength nor color. I am ashamed of you. Why don't you go to a Barber-shop and Spruce up a Little?"

"Well, I never thought of that before," replied the Moustache: "it's a very good suggestion."

And then it went and Doctored itself so with loud-smelling Pomatum that the Nose turned itself up as far as ever it could and like to have died of Disgust.

Moral—Don't hit a Moustache when it is Down.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE FOOLISH ROOSTER.

A Housewife walking in the Barn-yard one day said:

"I wonder which is the Fattest and nicest of these Fowls."

Hearing which, several young Roosters, designing to "show off" their charms and exalt themselves before the Pullets, came forward, each making vainful boasts to a better condition than his Fellows, and one of them, more Foolish than the others, crowded to the Front and said:

"Fortunately I am able to Prove what I say," and he lifted a wing and swelled himself

out to his greatest extent, exclaiming: "I am by far the finest fowl of the lot!"

"That's a fact," remarked the Housewife, and she straightway wrung his neck and made a nice stew of him for dinner.

Moral—Pride goeth before a fall.

J. B. BELL.

Extracts from the "Personals" Column.

I.

A YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE LADY, WHO was recently graduated from Vassar, desires to go upon the stage, but is unable so to do through lack of means. Any honorable gentleman who will assist her in her ambition can address: Box 1333, Peekskill, N.Y.

II.

HELOISE.—WHY THIS DREADFUL SILENCE? Have I offended you? I must see you. Write or wire immediately. BABY.

III.

BABY.—HAVE BEEN VERY SICK. DYING TO see you. Can not forget. Meet me at old place Friday at 8. HELOISE.

IV.

\$100 REWARD AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED for the return of the gold hunting-case watch, No. 13,302, lost or stolen Friday, September 5th, in the neighborhood of 6th Avenue and 14th Street, N. Y. SMITH, JONES & CO., 414 Wall St., N. Y.

FREE LUNCH.

DERBY DAY—November Fifth.

WHAT IS a foot-ball? Do you mean to say you don't know what a foot-ball is? Why, it is the forward part of the foot, of course—the ball of the foot. Look in any book of anatomy, and satisfy yourself.

A POET IN Germany has been fined seventy-five dollars and sent to prison for four months. If German laws were introduced here, the Sweet Singer of Michigan would emerge from jail in 1985, and the public debt would be paid next week with her fine.

THE AVERAGE dime-museum has many curiosities that are well worth seeing. But we will venture to say that not one of them can boast among its varied list of attractions such a phenomenon as a man who can umpire a game of base-ball and give perfect satisfaction to both sides, and never by his decisions create a single kick.

THE AIR out in Leadville is so rarefied that it can not be breathed by cats, we are told by one of our exchanges. Therefore, in Leadville, the woman who keeps a boarding-house may retire for the night with the satisfaction of knowing that in the morning she will not find all the *bric-à-brac* belonging to her back rooms out in the yard.

ALEXANDER GULIELMUS.

A ROMAN DRAMA.

*Translated into New York Vernacular by Abigail Bacon,
of the Harvard Annex.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POMPILIUS SMITHENS, } Noble youths about town.
 NASO BRUNNUS, }
 ALEXANDER GULIELMUS, a Prætor.
 JUDÆUS NIGER, a Publican.
 Place—Rome. Time—A. D. 52.

ACT I.—THE FORUM.

(Enter POMPILIUS and NASO.)

POMPILIUS.—Why, by my father's beard, 'tis Naso. Ancient pal, what aileth thee this morn?

NASO.—Say not a word! I do possess a head that in perimeter knocks Hades into fragments.

POMPILIUS.—How didst thou catch the little darling?

NASO.—'Twas yester eve. For two long hours I'd worked the temple of Diana, and fast was growing tired, when lo, there crossed the adytum a well-fixed sucker from Palermo. I played the merry bloke for all he's worth, and waltzed him unto Gothic Herman's cave, where we did irrigate with that dark stuff they make from bruised malt. Full twenty flagons did the fellow drink at my expense ere Somnus seized him. And then, great Pluto! all I got from out his garments was six sesterces, of which a brace were leaden counterfeits.

POMPILIUS.—Thy luck was hard, old pard! If!—but hush! Here comes a wealthy snoozer from the Provinces. Approach him, Naso, in thy finest style, and brace him for his name and eke his pedigree. *(Conceals himself behind the statue of Mercury.)*

(Enter ALEXANDER.)

NASO *(approaching, gives a patrician bow)*.—Peace rest on thee, Tuscanus! 'Tis a twelve-month since we last encountered.

ALEXANDER.—I know thee not, fair youth.

NASO.—What? Know not me? Thou'rt in a jocose mood. Thou surely art mine ancient

friend Tuscanus Petrus; thy home Ravenna, and thy calling dealer in imported wheat?

ALEXANDER *(tumbling to the racket)*.—Nay, my son, I've no such honor. My name is Decius Duplex, and I come a simple farmer from Govanus unto Rome. I brought a boodle with me to expend upon the entertainments. Fain would I see the tigers fed with parboiled Christians—and more, far more the elephant I've heard so much of.

(POMPILIUS suddenly appears.)

POMPILIUS.—O fickle Fortune, thou art kind to-day! Naso, thy hand, and Decius give me thine! What, ye are strangers? Know then each other, comrades, and come forthwith with me. The gods are good unto the Celtæ, and I have drawn a mighty prize in the Egyptian lottery. We'll go and catch the rhino, and then fill our skins with boss Etrurian.

(Exeunt omnes.)

ACT II.

*The back room of JUDÆUS NIGER's wine-shop. A green-covered table R. V. covered with coin.**(ALEXANDER, POMPILIUS, NASO and NIGER near table V. C.)*

POMPILIUS.—Thanks, noble Niger, for the talents. Thou art the truest dealer of the game in all the Eternal City. But, Decius, wouldst thou not likewise tempt the Fates, and so secure a fortune?

ALEXANDER.—In truth I would. But first, and pardon me my ignorance, pray let me know how much of yonder golden hoard I possibly can win?

NIGER.—Why, all, thou guileless rustic.
 ALEXANDER.—Then here she goes. *(Draws a club, knocks all three out in one round. Whistles. Room fills with soldiers and slaves.)* 'Tis well, my faithful varlets. Seize these arrant knaves and throw them as vile Christian dogs unto the lions. And as for yonder coin, remove it to my private treasury. I confiscate the lucre for the State. Adieu, sweet trio! Much I sympathize; but then we must have faultless morals here in Rome.
 W. E. S. F.

A LETTER FROM THE CZAR.

WARSAW, Sept. 3rd, O. S.

My dear Tallowcandleovitch:

I am having an awfully good time here, and think it not improbable that I may be able to get back to St. Petersburg without being in a condition for the silent tomb and a public funeral. I am convinced that the Polish people, as well as the Nihilists, are becoming reconciled, and are no longer opposed to my mild and generous administration. The best proofs of this are the very small consumption of dynamite and the comparatively few attempts that have been made to blow me up, or get rid of me in some way. They number only twenty-five, a decrease of seventy-five from last year. They include five efforts to poison, two mines, four dynamite-bombs, one invitation to ride on a bicycle, and two epic poems which the respective poets sought to read to me. Attempted knifings, pistolings and Pinafore organ-grinding I do not include.

Of course I have suffered a little. I have lost one leg, one arm, an ear, several fingers and my hair; but the Warsaw doctors are exceedingly skillful, and have supplied all the missing members; consequently I am just as good as new. I particularly pride myself on my wig—you must know that it was in a minor explosion that I lost my own hair. The exploder made a mistake and blew up the wrong house—a Warsaw fashionable boarding-house—just as I happened to pass by. Only fifty people were killed on that occasion.

Last evening we drove to the opera in an open carriage, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. The bullets whistled about me; but they don't trouble me any more than mosquitos, if so much. I was elaborately dressed. I wore my new chilled-steel undershirt, my bar-iron vest, a boiler-plate frock-coat, and my extra-thick cast-iron ulster. My wrought-iron, case-hardened top-boots are very comfortable. Tell Soleandheelovsky to make me half-a-dozen more pairs; but the toes must not be so pointed. I want also a new metal bed. The material must be thicker than the last, which did not turn the bullets satisfactorily. I had to pick them out of the posts every morning with a stove-lifter. The bedstead ought to be so constructed that missiles of all kinds will rebound against the walls or out of the window.

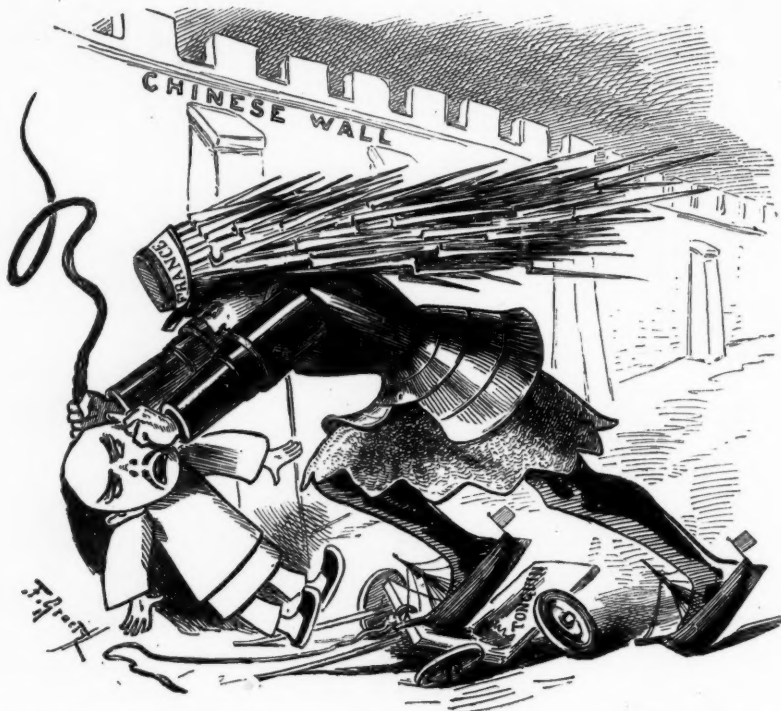
We are living in a charming fire and burglar-proof iron safe. I always lock myself up in one of the drawers, when I have no visits to pay or friends to receive. Quite an amusing incident occurred the other day. The Czarina lost the combination of the outside door, and could not enter. I was much startled by the faint echo of an explosion as I was crouching in the double-steel drawer. Soon after the Czarina knocked, and I let her in. It appears that the lock had to be blown off to admit her—the dynamite was obtained from a passing Nihilist. Isn't it odd that the dreadful explosive should have to be used to enable me to get out of my iron-clad habitation, and not to blow me up? This is encouraging—the terrible and destructive being applied for a useful purpose.

My appetite is good, but I can't get enough to eat. I try each dish on my retinue, and have already killed off several hundreds in making them taste it before I venture. In spite of this precaution I have nearly been poisoned, owing to the strong stomachs of some of my servants, who can digest strychnine and prussic acid without winking.

Send me on a few extra retinues that I can make use of in case of emergency, and some more copper-fastened shirts.

Believe me, dear Tallowcandleovitch,
 Your ever faithful undynamited Czar,
 ALEXANDER.

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.



FRANCE.—“If you don't behave I will—I will—I will get real mad and smash you all to bits!”

RAILROAD WEAKNESSES.

The force of habit is stronger than most people suppose. If you don't believe it, travel on a short railroad for awhile. You will find on entering the car that every man is in the same seat that he occupied yesterday, and will occupy to-morrow. He happens at the beginning to occupy a certain seat, which he gets again because it is empty. Then he is possessed by an indescribable weakness for it, and he gets it every time, just as if it were a pew rented by the year. He looks upon it with almost the same reverence that he does upon his favorite arm-chair at home.

When he leaves the house in the morning, he wonders if he is going to catch the train; and having satisfied himself that he is, he begins to worry about his seat. Suppose he should step on the train and find some one else in his seat? Perish the horrible thought! If he did find any one else there, he would probably feel that that was a sure sign that the day was not opening auspiciously, and that other disasters would follow before night. A certain superstitious gentleman out in New Jersey is said to have had his life insured upon finding another man in his seat on the morning train.

When the native reaches the train in the morning his mind is all topsy-turvy, especially as he ascends the platform steps of his favorite car. He doesn't fear the people he knows as he scrabbles toward his seat, because they all have seats of their own, and are in precisely the same mental condition that he is. It is the occasional stranger that does the mischief. The stranger has been out rustication over Sunday, and in boarding the train he innocently drops into the first seat he comes to. He, of course, knows nothing of the weakness and superstition of the native, and little dreams, as he sits gazing from the window at the nodding asters and Durham bulls, that he sows the seeds of discord in the breast of a brother-mortal, and, for one day at least, knocks all the harmony out of one human life.

That day the man who has been defrauded out of his seat is a different man. He blows his clerks up for imaginary wrongs; he refuses to give anything to people who call on him in the name of charity. He puts up his umbrella in the sun, because he can't see the sun—everything is bleak and stormy to him. He reminds one of a bird whose mate has just been shot on the eggs. He doesn't go out to luncheon. He has no appetite, and he wants to be left alone. And if he should find his seat occupied on the home-bound train, he would probably step out on the platform and dance on his market-basket, and refuse to kiss or recognize his wife on his arrival.

One man will say on the train:

"Excuse me a moment, I want to see Smith."

So he leaves and walks through three cars, and sees Smith. Because he knows where Smith is just as well as he knows the location of the engineer.

When the Sheriff wants to speak to a man, he will simply say at the station:

"Do you know where Bings is?"

And fifty men will shout:

"Four, third, east!"

Which simply means that Bings sits in the fourth car of the train, and in the third seat from the front on the east side.

Then there is the man who, if he can not get a certain morning paper, will not take any, but prefers to go without the news.

And then there is the individual who will arise at a certain period of the journey, or rather when the cars pass a certain tree or house, and take a drink of ice-water.

Then there is the man who will not drink out of a railroad tin cup.

I have seen small bets made that men would

or would not do certain things; and they would be watched with such interest that you couldn't get any one to make up a game of poker. Men would want to double their bets as they thought their chances looked brighter.

As Jones rises, some one says in a low tone, so that Jones may not hear:

"Five to three he takes a drink."

Or:

"Five even he opens the window."

And one man would say to another that night in the village drug-store:

"Smith drank ice-water twice on the 4:10.

Mutuals paid \$5.20."

But these beings may be borne, because, as a class, they are harmless. Let them have their favorite seats and sit in them in superstitious peace and security, so long as they don't come along to poll the train, to see if it is Democratic or Republican.

R. K. M.

A CINCINNATI DRESS-MAKER has invented a color which she calls "bisquish." We have not seen it; but, if it is any shade of red, there may soon be a popular saying something like this:

What makes that proboscis bisquish?
Because the owner's whisquish.

Answers for the Anxious.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:

In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

GAMBRINUS, JR.—There is glucose in your beer poetry. It doesn't flow smoothly.

MILLER.—Is your first name Joseph? If it isn't, get yourself rechristened by total immersion in vitriol.

LENA R.—You are very complimentary, dear; but it would take even more taffy than you have given us to sweeten the bitter pill of your poesy.

GOOBER.—Yes, we know that the Beautiful, Beautiful Summer's Dead, and we don't mean to have you interrupt the funeral with any reactionary poetry, either.

ANNA.—You say: "I wish my arms were round his neck." Do you, though? Well, your arms may not be round his neck; but there's a chance that your poem will be, if he wears paper-collars.

ABRAHAM J. LAWSON.—Now, look here. We know it's been hot recently. We have all been aware of it in this office. But do you think that you make the situation any better, or pour balm on any bitter memories, by sending us a poem on the subject? What's the use of aggravating an outworn agony? Say, anyway, why don't you poets ever get sunstruck?

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkceptembercixteen

dear puck

o this is The bos you doant kno wot fun weer haven

wen we gott bac Two the sittey we Found orl my unckle ebbenezers famley rite thare waten four Us

they ced aint you Glad too cee us an my pop hatter say he Was gladd

butt wen i went in two his roun an ast him jest how gladd he Was he put the hole flat off his hand a lawngside of my ere i thort It was a nertthquaik

an i herd my mar tellen him she wisht she had nevrer marrid in too A lo famley like his four a factt my pops foaks ar pritty tuf you orter cee them

my unckle ebbenezar is a jay from javil i cend you his pictchure in my car Toon he is The duc att the hed off the percession he wares a wite bever hat an tallo on his hare

the neckst annimal in The sircus is my ant amealier she wares a bonnit like a colehod an she Corls it a bunnit

the thurd won is my cuzzin myrandey she is a gurl an she Has gott no stile a bout her she is freclad

i coud ti my eres be Hind my hed an gett a better gurl than thatt

the lasst won on the slaight is my cuzzen lemmuel you orter see him

he is a wholly sho

he is dresst In his pops close cutt down too fitt him an the way The fellers gott on two his hatt was a corcion

my pop an my mar an my sistters ar taken my unckle ebbenezar An my ant amealier rownd town too plases ware thay woant meat foaks thay hait the jobb butt thay cant kic

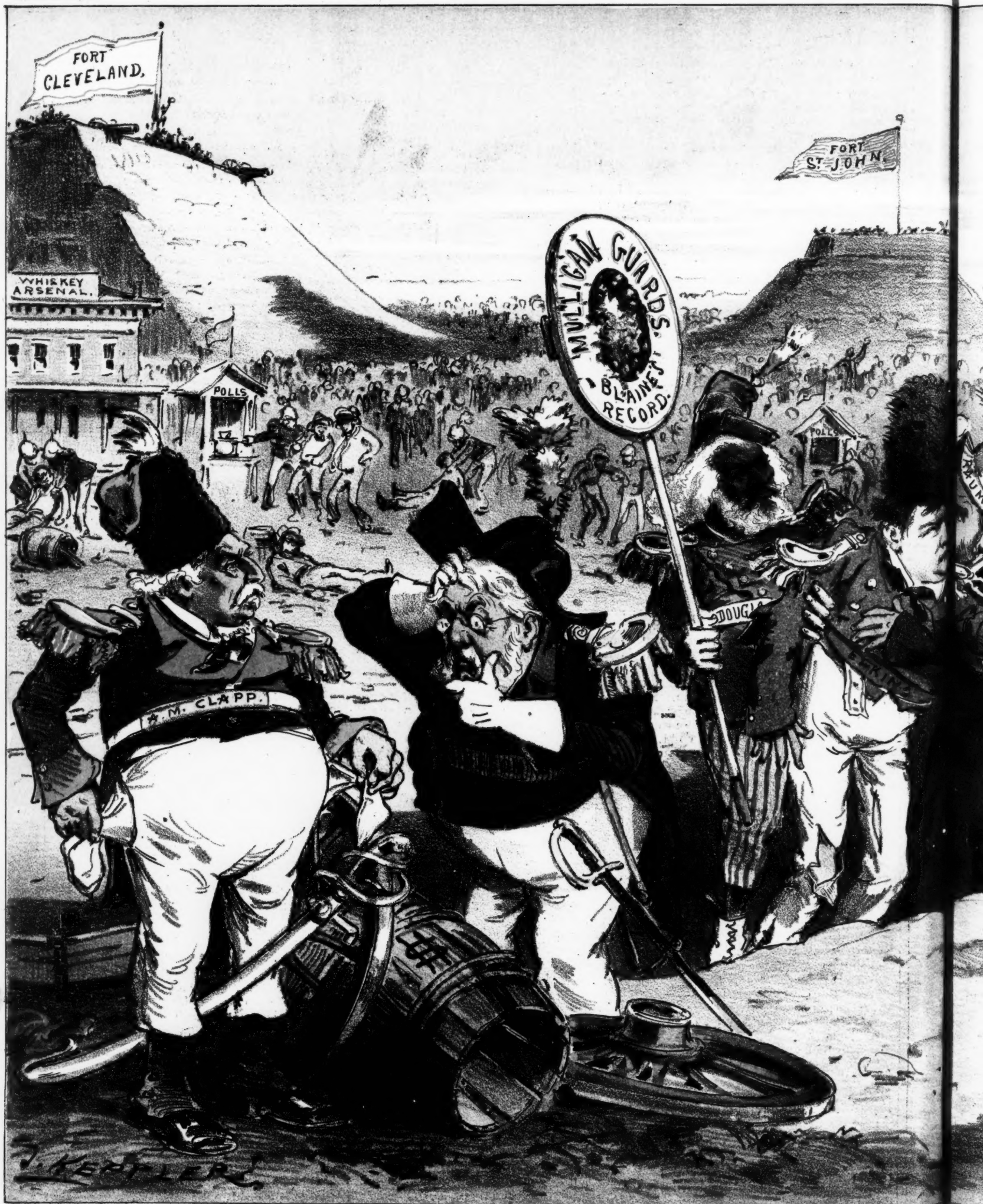
i am taken cair of my cuzzen lemmuel me An jim jonson an we ar gone Two hav the bos fun with him

i wil cend you a car Toon necst weak to tel you a bowt the fun we ar haven with him

youers four funn

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight quik if you wornt too here how we ar painten the town vurmillion



THE PYRRHIC VICTORY OF THOMAS
"Another victory like this our mo



THE MULLIGAN GUARDS IN MAINE.
 "like this our money's gone!"

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.



JUDGING FROM THE PRESENT, THE TICKETS TO THE ISLAND WILL BE IN THIS FORM, NEXT SEASON.

A GOLDEN TRUTH.

The Boston *Transcript*, a dear old paper that, we regret to say, we receive never oftener than semi-occasionally, frequently comes out with some agricultural information that fills us with joy, and makes us wish to sell our brown-stone fronts and miscellaneous tenement-houses, and move right out in the country, for the purpose of settling down and becoming the brother of the golden-rod and the good-natured mule. The *Transcript*, in a little article entitled "Bees in Orchards," remarks: "It is said a larger crop of apples is raised when a hive of bees is stationed in the orchard."

Correct, Benvolio, correct thou art, thou unseemly caitiff. And the crop of apples would be larger still if the bees were yellow-jackets, with sabres sufficiently long and sharp to sting the small boy through the hat or boots. Bees are very good to make the apple-crop large, independent of the *Transcript* reasons, which include a lot of allusions to "pollen," "pistils," "hybrids" and other things used around an orchard. But yellow-jackets are better still, and a good Siberian bloodhound beats even the yellow-jackets. Because the bloodhound is everywhere at once, and gets in his work without provocation, and that makes the apple-crop large and the small boy crop small.

The same paper gives a long-winded account of a French method of preserving grapes. We can give a better method in a few words: Hang plenty of fish-hooks on the arbor.

THIS is the time of the year when the stove-pipe joke comes out. The stove-pipe joke is always on the man who doesn't get the "silker" won on the election.

IT HAS now been ascertained that butter can be made out of Bartlett pears. This does not stun us at all, at all. We are only anxious to see the day arrive when you can take your butter and make Bartlett pears out of it.

THE SMALL BOY who purchases a cheap cast-iron gun at this season of the year, and goes forth in quest of the highholder, and blows his hand off, at least has the consolation of knowing that if we should ever get into a war, he can not be drafted.

THE LUCKY MAN.

The bank was closed, because the cashier and paying-teller had gone to Canada for a few years' vacation. They had taken with them more than enough to pay their expenses. Few people visited the receiver and the president. The failure of the institution was an old story. The depositors and stock-holders had surged about the doors at first, and crowded and pushed for places; but as they would have to wait for their dividends, there was no longer any excitement around the doors, and anybody was admitted.

"May I see the receiver?" asked a shrewd, happy-looking man of the president.

"Certainly; but won't I do as well?"

"Who are you?" the visitor inquired.

"I am the president."

"Yes, I guess you'll suit me. I want to deposit some money in this bank."

"Money in this bank! Why, it has failed—'busted'—stopped payment. The cashier has got away with all the money."

"Yes," answered the stranger: "I know that well enough. That's the reason I came here."

"Man alive! you don't want to put your cash in an insolvent bank! We have no idea of resuming."

"I don't care a straw for that. I want you to take my deposit."

"Can't do it," said the president, firmly: "You'd lose it."

"Lose it? Not much. Never lost a cent in my life."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just this—that I'm the unhappiest man in existence, because I'm so lucky. It is luck that is just killing me, and I want it to turn. I have heard that in mythological history there was a man who could not touch anything without it turning into gold. I must be a descendant of his."

"Well, my friend, your luck will certainly turn this time. If I took your money it would be thrown among the assets, and you'd get in return but a small dividend. But I won't do it."

"Nothing of the sort," returned the would-be depositor: "The bank would be open again in a week, everybody would be paid in full, and I should double or treble my money in some way or other. Oh, if you'd only let me leave it here!"

"No, sir."

"It is always the way," returned the visitor, dejectedly: "Nobody will take pity on me, and this abominable good luck will continue to follow me throughout life. Listen, kind sir, to my sad story:

"When I was a young man I sent my little brother to make a deposit in a savings-bank. Johnny fell down on his way and didn't pay it in. The next day that bank 'busted,' and paid but one cent on the dollar. I bought a lottery-ticket, and won the capital prize and received the cash. The following week all lotteries in this State were suppressed. I went to a club at a watering-place, threw a five-dollar bill on the 00, it came up ten times running, and I left. That night all gambling-houses were raided by the police. I found my way to Wall Street. I bought a hundred shares of the first stock that came to hand. It was 'cornered' in the morning, and I cleared a little fortune. A rich widow smiled on me at Saratoga. I offered myself, and was accepted. We were married. Our happiness was short-lived. In less than ten days she fell overboard in the lake and was drowned. Her immense fortune became mine.

"Now my misery began. I had too much money, and knew not what to do with it. I could not get rid of it. I threw myself in the way of bunco-steerers, in the hope of being swindled. They would let me draw real prizes, and send me home with genuine coin and greenbacks. If I buy a piece of swampy land full of malaria it will rise in price over night and bring me five thousand dollars a foot. I once tried to lose a big roll of large bills. I dropped it in the gutter. It was of no use. A tramp who had seen me do it ran after me, and put the roll back in my pocket. I sped like the wind; he went faster, and I was foiled. I offered him a thousand-dollar bill for his trouble. He declined to take more than fifty cents. And now you refuse the trifling boon I ask. The world is in a conspiracy against me. Would that I were poor!"

Then the unhappy man went forth from the "busted" bank, looking the picture of despair.

MISS PARLOA, the cookery goddess, will not stand very high in the estimation of the average coal-dealer who reads her lecture, in which she says: "One of the most frequent mistakes people make is in putting on too much coal. Never have the coal come above the lining of the stove," etc. They will naturally say: "What does Miss Parloa know about coal?" and conclude by saying that no woman knows so little about cooking as the one who compiles books on cookery, and pretends to teach people how to live. They will take their children out of the cookery-schools, that they may know how to cook. We think that Miss Parloa, in her stove-talks, ought to say something about the pipe and its general refractory habits, and be up to the times.

POPULUS VULT DECIPI.

"The people love to be deceived." Surrounded by the sacred halo of antiquity, that glittering falsehood has stalked down the centuries and has won the veneration and the belief which age claims even in these days of skepticism. Do the people love to be deceived? Oh, yes; they hunger and thirst after it, and when they are *not* deceived they weep and refuse to be comforted.

When a man spends a year of his life in courting a girl whose face will not stand any great amount of electric-light, and spends half his income in providing her with bouquets, theatre-tickets and carriage-riding, and then, after he gets married, finds she hasn't a red copper, may he not? And he likes it, too—don't you think so? Well, if you don't know, just go and try it. We know some men who—but we don't propose to give them away.

When a man is taking his Summer vacation, and his wife telegraphs to come home at once, the baby has the *mumpum infantum*, and he doesn't wait to get shaved, but flies home on the wings of the limited express only to find that his wife was broke and wanted him to be near by, where she could empty his pockets while he was asleep, he may be said to be deceived, may he not? He likes it, too, doesn't he? Well, we should just hesitate to be there.

When a man goes down to a high-toned jewelry-store and buys a three-hundred-dollar stem-winding, full-jeweled North American hunting-case repeater, and it loses seven minutes a day, and causes him to miss his Sunday appointment with his best girl, who goes down to Coney Island with the other fellow, he is deceived, isn't he? He likes it, too. That is just the sort of thing that a man does like, make no blooming error.

When a man reads in the morning papers that the new drama, "Stubble's Stew; or, The Lost Oyster," is a great play, and that Hiram K. Maginnis, as *Stubbles*, and Miss Saddle Rock, as *The Oyster*, have made unqualified hits in their respective parts—whatever respective parts are—and goes to see the play, and finds that it isn't fit for the amusement of a Chinese leper, and that the actors are brick-layers on a strike, he is deceived, isn't he? And oh! doesn't he like it? And doesn't he run out and buy all the papers, to see where there is another such show, in order that he may rush off and squander three dollars in the purchase of two seats to see it, and then go home and have his wife lecture him an hour and twenty-seven minutes for taking her to listen to such rubbish?

When a man determines to enjoy the Summer season by the seaside, and goes down to String Halt Beach—or some such place—and takes rooms, and conveys his family down there, and then the wind sets in from the northwest, and the weather is so cold that he wishes he was at home in a house with heaters in it, he may be

said to be deceived, may he not? Perhaps he likes it, too, don't he?

When a man reads in a Wall Street paper that the Central Arctic Railroad is going to default on its September interest, and goes downtown and sells about half the capital stock of the road short, and then the directors meet and send out a report that the road is in a better condition than ever, and the stock goes up eleven points, the man is deceived, and his soul is filled with a great and abiding joy, of course. That was what he wanted—to be deceived.

When a woman goes to a Sixth Avenue store where they have great bargains and buys a parasol covered with fine blue silk, with a hexagon frame, and a beautiful white wood handle, carved to represent an eagle's claw grabbing a monkey's face, and gives five dollars and ninety-eight cents for it, and after she has used it six times, and raises it for the seventh, the blue silk cover bursts into rags, she may be said to be deceived, eh? Do you think she likes it? Well, if you do, you just loiter around in the neighborhood, young fellow.

When a small boy shovels snow off a sidewalk and earns five cents, and then scours the neighborhood for the cheapest place to buy sour-balls, and finally strikes a grocery-store where they give twelve for five cents, and then goes off in a corner to eat them, and finds they are so hard that they wouldn't break if a locomotive ran over them, he may be said to be deceived, don't you think so? Well, does he like it? Were you ever a boy? Huh?

It is about time somebody took this hoary-headed, glittering generality about the people loving to be deceived and carried it away into the innermost confines of Hoboken and buried it where it couldn't be found even by a French detective out of one of Gaboriau's novels. Proverbs are frauds. There is a lot more of them hanging around on the outskirts of human intelligence, and sooner or later people are going to learn that they are hollow mockeries. If people don't learn it any other way, we'll teach them. We'll draw them a map of their own obtuseness.

You hear us, don't you?

A GREAT ADVANTAGE St. John has over the other candidates is that he doesn't have to set 'em up for the boys.

A STRIKING MINOR.



"See here, Pop, I ain't takin' no more o' yer chin now. I am a uniformed official. That settles it!"

HE IS A WANDERER.

Bartholomew Spokeshave, who used to edit the *Independent Avalanche and Johnson County Intelligencer*, is, if still alive, a sad-eyed wanderer somewhere on the face of this selfish and unsympathetic world. He is, or was, a man of progressive and unique thought, and it was unique thought more than anything else that got him into trouble.

He was running his newspaper along in a very satisfactory way, and had collected enough cord-wood and potatoes and yellow pumpkins on subscription account to see him well through the approaching Winter, and knew just where he could borrow ten dollars to pay for the next two bundles of printing-paper he would need, when the unique thought struck him that the Johnson County Agricultural Society ought to offer a premium for the handsomest baby, the prize to be awarded at the society's annual fair.

Bartholomew was a man who acted on the impulse of the moment, and without stopping to consider results. Two days after the baby-prize thought had struck him, the *Independent Avalanche and Johnson County Intelligencer* contained a double-headed editorial warmly urging the managers of the county fair to "encourage home production and local enterprise by offering a liberal premium to the handsomest baby, girl or boy, placed on exhibition at the coming fair."

The managers caught on to the suggestion, as Richard Grant White would say, and believing it a first-rate idea, offered a handsome silver-plated cup as a premium for infantile beauty, and evidenced their further appreciation of the taste and judgement of the editor of the *Independent Avalanche and Johnson County Intelligencer* by appointing him to the chairmanship of the committee of award.

Though much pleased by this new and striking evidence of the influence of his paper, Bartholomew Spokeshave was a little surprised by his appointment on the baby committee; for he was a bachelor, and could not claim to have that knowledge of babies which comes to man by familiarity—especially that measure of familiarity which men gain by getting out of bed with a baby in arms and walking the floor for a couple of hours in the tail-end of the night. But Bartholomew was a man who had a proper appreciation of his position as the opinion-moulder and general public procession-leader of the community; and besides, he was a brave man and never quailed. At least, he never quailed unless some one else paid for the quail.

He accepted the trust imposed upon him, and resolved to do his duty with that nice discrimination which the country editor is supposed to have more than anything else, and especially more than income.

Bartholomew urged the readers of the *Independent Avalanche and Johnson County Intelligencer* to "bring out the prattling little folks, the embryo statesmen, warriors, jurists, journalists and authors, and enter them in friendly competition."

As time went by in that easy-going way peculiar to time, and the fair drew near at hand, and Bartholomew learned that there were booked for the "friendly contest" enough babies to fill a large tent, he began to grow a bit uneasy, and to feel for the first time in his career that there might be positions in which even a country editor would find himself embarrassed. But the thought that Judge Mulligrub and Colonel Spiketail, each of whom was the father of a growing family and a person of excellent and well-tried judgement, were his associates on the committee of award, reassured him to the verge of gaiety, and as he took up his scissors and cut a column of editorial from an exchange, he burst forth in a snatch of song. Amid the blessings of the day, he gave but slight heed

to the morrow. That is the style of light-hearted, easy-going person Bartholomew Spokeshave was. But there was more trouble and disaster ahead for the gay Bartholomew than he wot of. Had there flashed upon his active mind the faintest glimmer, or even glimlet, of the calamity with a big C that was just a little way in front of the procession, he would have wrapped his ears about him and stolen away into some silent nook and stayed there until the danger was passed.

On the day the decision was to be made, it was found that Judge Mulligrub had been taken suddenly and violently ill, and that Colonel Spiketail had been called to the bedside of a dying fourth-cousin in a distant State. When Bartholomew learned that he alone was left to award the prize his mind was considerably disturbed, and his nose, which usually wore a warm, gentle, subdued sort of sunset hue, grew deathly pale. He was a brave man, too; but he would sooner have blown in the muzzle of the old unloaded flint-lock gun of his grandfather than to have picked out the one altogether lovely from thirty-seven babies, presided over by thirty-seven fond mothers and a large assortment of other female kin. But it was his own scheme, and seeing no avenue of escape open to him, he decided to face the music. A friend led him gently, almost tenderly, to the door of the tent containing the baby exhibit, pressed his hand affectionately, asked him kindly to return the dollar he had borrowed the week before, and, failing to receive it, bade Bartholomew good-by and turned sadly away.

Bartholomew, with a piece of blue ribbon in his hand to tie on the one altogether lovely, went softly into the tent, with feelings similar to those entertained by Daniel when he was presented to the lions at their own home, at a time when Daniel was a bit timid and liable to be disconcerted in the society of lions, and especially when he had entered the show on a complimentary ticket.

But this is the story of Bartholomew. I have told you that he went in. I may add that he went in in an easy, dignified way, consistent with his important office. Just what occurred in the precincts of that tent, where thirty-seven babies sat in two rows, with thirty-seven fond mothers and a number of other woman kin standing behind, and Bartholomew, with a pale, sickly smile on his countenance and a piece of blue ribbon in his hand, passing up and down the centre, may never be clearly known to the outside world; but from the mass of evidence in the possession of the writer, he is led to believe that Bartholomew did really award the prize and attempt to tie on the insignia of success. It is charged, even, that the chosen one was a cross-eyed youngster from Scrawnyville, who had a mouth like a two-bushel grain-bag and no hair on its head worth speaking of, and that Bartholomew was biased in his judgement because the father of the prize-winner paid his subscription to Bartholomew's paper in cash; but this charge is founded alone upon rumor. I am inclined to give Bartholomew the benefit of the doubt, and to believe that if he made any award he acted fairly. If he committed an error, I am persuaded that it was an error alone of judgement and not of the heart. But the silver-plated cup is still in the hands of the managers of the Johnson County Fair. The committee of award has never reported.

Five minutes after Bartholomew entered the tent of the baby exhibit he was seen to come out in a hurry and in an apparently excited state of mind. His hat was gone, all the hair that was left upon his head stood on end, a part of his coat-tail was missing, and there was a long red mark over his left eye. He was plainly much agitated. He came out of the tent with great impetuosity, and was accompanied by thirty-seven excited women.

Bartholomew led the procession. He led it by about ten feet. He did not go toward the president's office to make his report. He turned away and set out in the direction of the setting sun. He appeared to have the most important business in that direction. As he crossed the fair-ground, he gained foot by foot upon the rest of the procession, and bets were five to one in his favor before he had reached the eight-foot fence that inclosed the exhibition grounds. When he cleared the fence at a single bound, leaving only a remnant of the already battle-scarred coat-tail on a splinter, a mighty shout of admiration went up from the multitude, and Bartholomew Spokeshave was saved.

As the last rays of the setting sun illumed the western heavens and tinged the bald heads of the congregation with a mellow glow, Bartholomew Spokeshave, editor of the *Independent Avalanche and Johnson County Intelligencer*, disappeared behind a distant hill, and they never saw him more.

SCOTT WAY.

HIS REASON.



ABLE-BODIED TRAMP.—"Fact is, sir, y'see—I work all the week, an' that jest covers my expenses. I'm a religious man myself, sir, an' I can't do no work Sundays. That's why I'm a-beggin'. Say, boss, catch on to the scheme, do, an' gimme a dime!"

—Speaking of Raleigh's first expedition to Carolina, Bancroft says: "The keenest observer was Hariot, the historian. He observed the culture of tobacco; accustomed himself to its use, and was a firm believer in its healing virtues." This was in 1585. The famous tobacco of the Indian council, is now that of the Golden Tobacco Belt of North Carolina. It is no longer crude leaf as the Indians smoked it, but still a natural and pure leaf, prepared for the pipe or cigarette in the shape of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

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"A WONDERFUL SET OF CHEAP MUSIC BOOKS."
HITCHCOCK'S famous
25 CENT SONG COLLECTIONS,
with music for piano, organ or melodion. Twelve books now ready, each 128 large pages. Sold over counter at 25 cents each; by mail 33 cents.
B. W. HITCHCOCK, Sun Building, 166 Nassau St., N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 33, 37, 38, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 56, 62, 69, 77, 79, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 92, 95, 103, 108, 113 and 116 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and number 26 at 25 cents per copy.

PUCK ON WHEELS No. V.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

ALWAYS ASK FOR THE GENUINE Frederick Brown's GINGER

Made in Philadelphia,
and you will get the
ONLY RELIABLE

Ginger in the market.
For relief in Cramps,
Colic, Stomach-Ache,
&c., Brown's (Phil'a)
Ginger is Invaluable.
Remember the above

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TRADE
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NEW YORK



HANAN & SON.

It is certain that "the Hanan" shoe will prove satisfactory to every gentleman who wants a perfect article. We are putting into the manufacture of these shoes, all the results of thirty years' experience and study, of what will please, give comfort and wear faithfully. Try them. Every first-class dealer has them.

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ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR.
ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
WAREROOMS:
149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.

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THE BEST
Washing Compound
EVER INVENTED.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

LOVELL



It is the nearest perfection yet made. Simplicity and strength are its prominent features. One trial convinces rink managers of its superiority over other skates, as it saves both time and expense. Price per pair, handsomely nickel plated, \$4.00. Send 6c. in stamps for large catalogue of Roller Skates, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Air Rifles, Police Goods, &c. **JOHN F. LOVELL'S SONS**, Boston, Mass.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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WON ALL RACES

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LARGEST TRICYCLE MAKERS IN U.S.

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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

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Labels Etc., with our \$3 Printing Press. Larger sizes for circulars, &c., \$5 to \$75. For young or old, business or pleasure. Everything easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of presses, Type, Cards, &c., &c., to the factory. **Kelsey & Co.,** Meriden, Conn.

A SOUVENIR.

This burn on my cheek,
Shall I tell how it came there?
Please don't lisp a word,
For 'tis really absurd,
This burn on my cheek—
Shall I tell how it came there?

Jack and I were out walking
(The moon was not up);
He was peacefully smoking,
Thus my anger provoking.
Jack and I were out walking
(The moon was not up).

His face was so near,
And the night was so dark,
When he for a kiss plead,
Just guess what I said—
His face was so near,
And the night was so dark.

My answer was "no,"
But he thought it meant "yes."
He forgot his cigar—
Well, here 's the scar.
My answer was "no,"
But he thought it meant "yes."

—N. Bull, in Boston Transcript.

PUCK's Summer annual, PUCK ON WHEELS No. 5, has appeared, and is for sale by all respectable news-dealers. PUCK's staff of artists, editors and contributors evidently put their heads together with the determination to excel all previous efforts and to produce the brightest and best twenty-five cents' worth of original humor ever given to the public—and the result must be pronounced a gratifying success. Nine artists and about two dozen writers are represented in its pages, and each one appears at his best. Not the least amusing of the many illustrations are Zimmerman's quaint initial letters. The book is handsomely printed and inclosed in a brilliantly illuminated cover. There is nothing cheap about the volume save its price.—*Norri town Herald.*

A LITTLE unpleasantness has occurred between the Board of Aldermen of New York City and the N. Y. Central Railroad about the matter of passes. It seems that the Aldermen have been drawing pretty heavily lately for passes, some of which were found in a "scalper's" office. This did not tally with the railroad officers' idea of the eternal fitness of things, and a letter from Alderman McLaughlin, asking for a pass, was returned unopened. The remarks of some of the city dads on the situation are said to be very energetic, not unmixed with profanity. Aldermen should not monkey with the enticing railroad-pass, but confine their ambition to circus and dime-museum tickets.—*Peck's Sun.*

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures

BROWN'S
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. Enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the muscles and nerves, relieves Heartburn, restores the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, and produces constipation. **IRON BITTERS**

Does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation; all other Iron medicines do. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO.,** Baltimore, Md.



ONLY FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, IT IS RELIABLE.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,

Blackheads and Fleshworms,

Ask your Druggist for PERRY'S COME-DONE and Pimple Remedy, the infallible skin medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & CO.,

57 Murray Street, New York.

For Puck's Campaign Rates see first column of Page 34.

PERISHABLE SHOES.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Take an old rubber band, or a piece of elastic that has been kept a few months. Stretch it, and you will see that the rubber cracks and remains limp. This will show you the perishable nature of ordinary CONGRESS SHOES. The elastic sides of any Congress shoe are sure to decay and become worthless UNLESS FRESH when you buy them. Consequently you should be made aware of one important fact in order that you may purchase your shoes INTELLIGENTLY. Bear in mind that shoes which have been handled by middlemen may have been piled up and held in stock for months. It is true that these goods may look as well as ever, and the weakness of the elastics perhaps will not show until the shoes have been worn awhile. Be cautious about buying Congress Shoes which may have been shelved by middlemen. If you want to be safe, buy the **JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE** which is NOT handled by any middlemen, but comes FRESH from the factory of James Means & Co., to the retailer.

WASTE NOT MONEY ON INFERIOR SHOES.

And do not pay extravagant prices. Wear

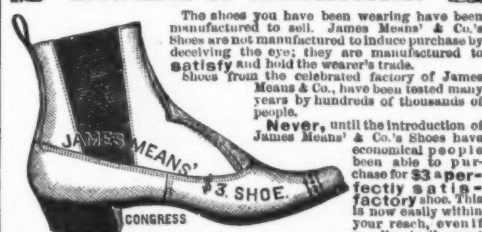
James Means' \$3 Shoe.

Finest Calf Skin, for Gentlemen's Wear.

Button, Lace and Congress.

ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY, COMFORT AND STYLE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



The shoes you have been wearing have been manufactured to sell. James Means' & Co.'s Shoes are not manufactured to induce purchase by deceiving the eye; they are manufactured to satisfy and hold the wearer's trade. Shoes from the celebrated factory of James Means & Co., have been tested many years by hundreds of thousands of people. Never, until the introduction of James Means' & Co.'s Shoes have economical people been able to purchase for \$3 a perfectly satisfactory shoe. This is now easily within your reach, even if you live in the most distant corner of the country. Ask your retailer for it, and if he can not supply you, send your address by postal card to **JAMES MEANS & CO.,** 41 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

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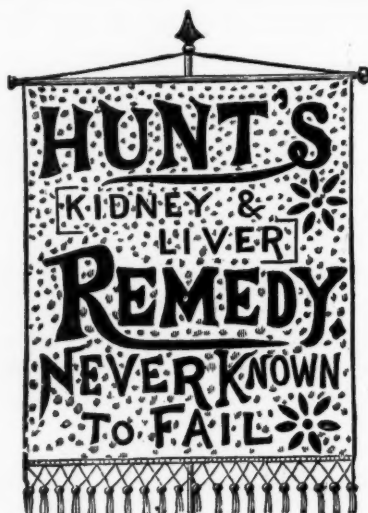
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TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other Material for Costumes, etc.



DEER'S HEAD ELIXIR
Forme Instant Relief. Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup. Price per Bottle with directions mailed and postpaid 25 cents. 2 for 50 cents, stamps or notes. **A. L. SMITH & CO.,** Agents, Palestine, Ill.



IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles, Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes.

IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. It cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

IT WORKS PROMPTLY and cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Excesses and Female Weakness.

USE IT AT ONCE. It restores the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS, to a healthy action and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

Price \$1.25. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"I Believe DR. TOWNSEND'S Remedy for

ROSE HAY-FEVER GOLD

ASTHMA and CATARRH will be sure in ninety cases in a hundred, and recommend all sufferers to make a thorough trial of it." Signed,

H. W. BEECHER.

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Fragrant Vanity Fair AND **Cloth of Gold** CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1893.

13 First Prize Medals Awarded. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

[From *Le Livre*, Aug. 10th, 1884.]

In politics Mr. Blaine, ex-Senator, ex-Secretary of State, is a demagogue of the worst type, so his book is not a sure guide; it is one of those which one may say with Mr. Diumont that it isn't worth a carbonized cigar-stump.

[From the *Tribune*, August 7th, 1884.]

One cannot but wish that American Literature was represented by as noble a publication as is that of France by *Le Livre*.

Can Reid read French?—*Stamford (Conn.) Comet*.

A sound of wheels at sanctum door!
We shout: "Come in!" but growl: "Dambore!!"
When in, with many cycling reels,
Comes little dumpling PUCK ON WHEELS,
Dressed in reversed décolleté,
A style that suits him—by-the-way,
A pungent, crisp and spicy bore
Is PUCK ON WHEELS FOR '84.

NOTE—Letcher P. P. get onter this.—LIT. ED.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

It is thought that Mr. Keely evolved the idea of his motor from observing three boys trying to make a two-pound black-and-tan dog haul them up-hill on a sled. At least, that is about the way his motor works. Thus does a trivial circumstance often suggest to the comprehensive brain of genius those eternal principles which underlie the semi-annual assessment, and precede the slow-moving and conservative dividend about two hundred thousand years.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

PUCK ON WHEELS No. 5 is out. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say more than this to cause a rush to the book-stores; for even as the bull-dog waits to sample the pantaloons of Romeo, so await the public for this publication. In characteristic modesty PUCK dedicates this volume to himself, not only as a sincere tribute of respect and admiration, but for solid business purposes also.—*Oil City Derrick*.

A PROMINENT New York agricultural paper offers ten dollars for the largest potato delivered at that office, postage or express free, before Nov. 1st. Great scheme! The paper has a very large circulation, and the notice is also being copied extensively in other papers. Result—several hundred bushels of choice tubers at a cost of only ten dollars. These agricultural editors have long heads.—*Peck's Sun*.

Those bright men who edit PUCK have issued their usual annual, PUCK ON WHEELS, which is full of amusement for idle moments. It is unnecessary to advertise it further, for the reader will meet with it at every railway station, and have it thrust in his face by the book-fiend upon every through-train.—*Philadelphia Times*.

AN Albany girl who refused an offer of marriage has sent the young man a check for the amount she supposed he had spent on her for ice-cream, candy and carriage-hire. If we thought it would work that way here in Lowell, we should propose to our girl right away.—*Lowell Citizen*.

For rollicking fun and humorous illustrations we can heartily recommend PUCK ON WHEELS. It will make the most confirmed dyspeptic laugh.—*New York Herald*.

FAVORABLE weather for hay-making—When it rains pitchforks.—Hidden perils—Pins in the baby's clothes.—A bar sinister—One displaying the sign "No Trust."—Vice versey—Spring poetry.—Behind the bars—The singer that doesn't keep up with the accompanist.—*Life*.

PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of '84 is out. Our copy has not arrived yet; but we know it must be a daisy.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"MR. BLAINE'S Sancho Panza" is the Boston *Post's* neat but not gaudy name for General Butler.—*Washington Post*.

The Highest Medical Authorities Concede Anglo-SWISS MILK FOOD to be the BEST prepared Food for Infants and Invalids. Ask Druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in last week's PUCK.)

WARNING!

How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of *Angostura Bitters*, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.



"See What Cuticura Does for Me!"

INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalded Head, Eczemas, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Absolutely pure and safe. Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, \$1, are sold by druggists. P. U. T. Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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Beauty and Fragrance

Are Communicated to the Mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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Campaign outfits, Torches, Lanterns, Belts, Caps, Capes, Badges etc. Our stock and assortment is the largest and most complete of any in the trade. We are sole manufacturers of the celebrated Telescopic Torch, which we supply to clubs at liberal prices. We defy competition in prices. Our large illustrated colored price-list sent on application to

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50 Elegant Station Cards, name on, 10c., Present with 3 packs 30c. AETNA PRINTING CO., Northford, Ct.

For Puck's Campaign Rates see first column of Page 34.

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in
the world for quieting and allaying all irri-
tation of the nerves and curing all forms
of nervous complaints giving natural,
childlike refreshing sleep, always?
And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent phy-
sicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that
can be relied on to cure all diseases of the
kidneys and urinary organs; such as
Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or in-
ability to retain urine, and all the diseases
and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and
emphatically 'Buchu.'"

Ask the same physicians:

"What is the most reliable and surest
cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, con-
stipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever,
ague, &c., and they will tell you:
'Mandrakel or Dandelion!'"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with
others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a
[Concluded week after next.]

Miller's FEATHER WEIGHT Umbrellas.

The Neatest, Lightest and
Strongest Umbrellas Made.

Price, 26 inches ---- \$5.00
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Including a Neat Fitting Silk Case.

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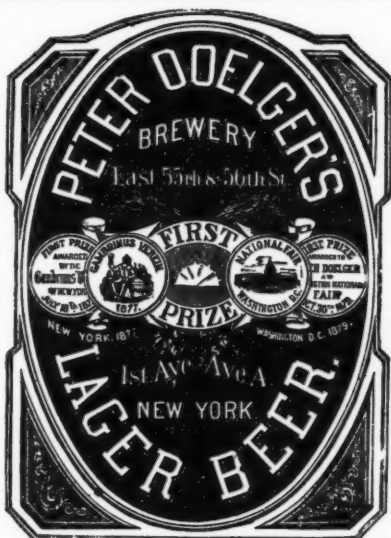
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New York. Send for one. The trade supplied.



"The same old fraud issue," remarked Ruth-
erford, as he slipped a china egg under his fa-
vorite Brahma.—*Utica Observer*.

MIGRATION from Great Britain to Canada is
falling off; but the great American cashier
keeps going.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

WHAT a ball-nine could be formed from de-
faulting bank-cashiers! Most of them are base
runners.—*Philadelphia Record*. Yes, but most
of their runs were made on errors.—*Boston Post*.

THESE are exciting political times, and there
is a great deal of boyish enthusiasm in the cam-
paign. Still, when a man comes home and
finds that his boy has raised a liberty-pole, with
his father's hat nailed on top of it for a gon-
falon, or whatever its name is, the good man
does not think of his boy's chances of becom-
ing President some day so much as he does of
getting hold of a piece of lath.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 10, 1883.
"For diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder, and urinary organs,
I received great benefit from HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REM-
EDY. I pronounce it the best."—H. W. Payne, Manufacturer
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1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors
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Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Chil-
dren, 25 cents.

43 LAUGHS FOR 18c.

The best thing out. The Woes and Comicalities of THE TOOTH-
ACHE illustrated by Cruikshank, with 43 Colored plates. "Would
drive the blues out of a bag of indigo." Price, including postage,
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SEND 3CT. STAMP
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Simple, Durable, Elegant.
A positive household luxury.
Send stamp (mention this paper)
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CHAIR CO.

No. 3 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MEN WANTED to travel and sell our
staple goods to dealers.
\$50 A MONTH, Hotel and traveling expenses paid
Monarch Novelty Co., 174 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive
free, a costly box of goods which will
help all, of either sex, to more money
right away than anything else in this
world. Fortunes await the workers ab-
solutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta Maine.

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Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A.
SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His
book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of
bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or
three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
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Piles—Piles—Piles

Cured Without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for
references, 17. Corkins, 11 E. 29th St.

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leading
Paris Artists in
dresses use these
celebrated plain silks
for their models.

ANCIENNE MAISON BELLON

THE SHOW END OF EACH PIECE BEARS THE ABOVE
MARK IN LARGE GOLD LETTERS

Prices range from \$1.25 to \$3.00 per yard



BITTERS.

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whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all
disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor
to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and
beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine
article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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STOMACH BITTERS,
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To be had in Quarts and Pints.
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Dry and Extra Dry.

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from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as
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Automatically Adjustable. Displacement Impossible.
The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence.
Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free.

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